

Arts Contest Winners to Get Prizes

It was probably an outgrowth of many inspections in many buildings and many inspections in many particular rooms in many buildings—this award business.

Anyway, Uncle Sam has decided that doodlers and wall-sketch artists should be afforded an opportunity to go legit with their suppressed aptitudes. Then, just to make everybody happy, he included the shutter-jerkers and called their's the photographic media award.

The Army Arts Contest, as it is officially known, is open to all enlisted personnel and officers in the various Service Commands. However, all entries must be submitted to the Special Service office not later than February 20.

Separate awards will be made in each of three groups. Group A will include painting, sculpture and design art. Classes within the group are divided into oil and tempera painting, water color, mural design, sculpture and renderings for landscape planning, interior and poster design.

Group B will encompass the graphic arts—drawings in any media, prints, lithography and etching. Also included are the various processes such as silk screen and others. Group C will include all photography.

Within the various classes, no restrictions will be made as to subject matter of the entries. Awards totaling \$800 in war bonds will be made on the basis of merit, originality, ingenuity and craftsmanship.

Winning entries will be exhibited at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. from July through August 15. Complete information, details on mechanical limitations, official rules and entry forms may be obtained from your Special Service officer.

Major Field Builds New Tennis Court In Assam Jungles

Days of slopping around in drippy, steamy Assam jungles drew the conclusion from Major Lewis Marshall Field that his men needed a morale boost. So, he dreamed an idea into reality and now everything is okaydokey!

His idea required a bit of sweat and cussing, but together with his aides and a half a company of BP's (Bush Police), they hacked, whittled and siphoned a tennis court right out of the undergrowth near the Ledo Road.

This business of making the most out of any situation pleases his two young daughters and Mrs. Fields who "fights" on the home front at Anza's main PX.

Assault Troops to Get Award

A new service award for Army personnel who participate in a combat parachute jump, glider landing on a hostile shore has been authorized by the War Department. It is a bronze Indian arrowhead, 1-4 inch high, and will be worn in a vertical position with the point upward on the theater ribbon which indicates the area in which it was earned. Only one arrowhead will be worn on any theater ribbon.

To qualify for the award, officers or enlisted men must make a parachute jump or glider landing in enemy-held territory as a member



A THRILLING BILLING! Hollywood Victory Committee's show rang up enthusiastic response with two star spangled performances at ole theater one last Thursday night. Lads and lassies from flickers and limelight exhibited their talents to GI liking. Val Setz, upper left, flashed a juggling act that has taken him around the world of war. Vivian Blaine, upper right, cinema's cherry-blondie darling, sang of things GIs like—that we liked! Joyce Oliver, lower left, a wee pack of rhythm, in the right proportions, gave with dance while Roy Benson, lower right, handled things mystic. And in the center of things, the flicker's great guy, Bob Armstrong, MC'd the talent troupe with gay patter.

Make Civilian Recreation Plans

Civilian recreation plans for 1945 are in the making. "It is our desire to have a dance and show a month," said Mr. Fred Matteson, director of civilian recreation.

Bowling, basketball, badminton, and other sports enthusiasts can arrange schedules by calling Mr. Matteson, Ext. 254. Mass participation is the keynote of this program. Besides improving your game, you will find the athletic program very interesting and healthful, he promised.

Gala Dance Planned

Reserve the date of Saturday, January 20 on your social calendar for a special dance at Service Club 1 for all civilian personnel and enlisted men. Further details will be announced in the next issue of the ZIP.

Vets Get More Time To Apply for Jobs

Congress has extended the period during which an honorably discharged veteran of this war may apply for his old job from 40 to 90 days.

Selective Service regulations have made the time extension retroactive to cover all men who had been discharged within the 90 days prior to December 8, 1944, the date on which President Roosevelt signed the amendment effecting the change.

Disabled veterans who require hospitalization following their discharges may apply for their former jobs within 90 days following completion of hospitalization, providing they do so within a year of leaving the service.

Of the soldiers in the present war 23.3 per cent are high school graduates as compared to 3.5 per cent in World War I.

Stage, Screen Stars Thrill Troops at Two Huge Shows

Twice last Thursday night ole theater one swelled with both pride and a supersurplus of GI guys. Its massive structure vibrated and throbbed with laughter and heartbeat as Hollywood Victory Committee's guys and gals of stage and screen bid for the spot and audience response—and got both!

Full Houses Applaud USO 'Hats Off'

Before two jammed houses of responsive GIs, "Hats Off," USO package of vaudeville, unwrapped its routines at Theatre 1 Monday night. From the GI point of view, pretty girls, light patter, nonsense—all of this was scrambled neatly into two hours of fanfare and frolic!

Funny folks—LeVan and Bolles—created sideaches and aisle rolling . . . Al and Joan Allen stepped off softshoe and tap like way back when . . . Herron and Richardson—banjo and xylophone killer-dillers . . . James Evans kept a worried drummer in a horrific state with bed juggling.

The sextette punctuated the giggles and jive with a bit of "figuring" to music. Olga Dieb-inetz sang and added that something to round out the coloring, while pianoman David August whipped the ivories and made faces at the GI bandsters.

All in all, it was one of the best shows sponsored here by the USO.

Typing and Shorthand Classes Start Today

Do you want to improve your typing and shorthand?

Well, men and women of the civilian personnel, here's your opportunity. Starting today in the civilian training school rooms, located in area C, you can get instructions in these essential subjects.

Classes are from 0930 to 1130 on Thursdays and Mondays with Mr. B. Newstead of the Riverside board of Education instructing. Anyone interested in attending these classes or who would like any further information should contact Mr. Moore at Ext. 254.

Army Buses Take GIs To Jr. College Classes

Special buses leave during the week for school-wise GIs from the Headquarters detachment day-room to the Riverside Junior college at 1830 and return at 2100.

Under the supervision of the Information and Education Office, members of the station complement may take advantage of the many free courses offered at the night high school and college classes.

Patients Get More Books

Can you imagine GIs reading in bed—and not being blasted out with the whistle business. Well, it's being done as a regular routine every Friday at the station hospital.

They've even gone so far as to equip those GI bed-readers with a bit of apparatus known as the "Book-Carry-All, M-1."

It's a handy device with soft rubber tires, reclining shelves and other built-in stuff so the potential bookworm can scan the titles, select his particular liking in bookbacks without arising from that semi-

Top thrill and bill of the evening was little and lovely cinematainer Vivian Blaine, cherry-blondie and tigger at heartstrings in "Greenwich Village" and "Something for the Boys." Vivian strummed the emotions from smiles through tears when she vocalized some tunes for the boys—kinda like she use to down ole Broadway and with top bandsters. Remember?

He started things—that likeable he-man of cinema, Bob Armstrong—and then kept them going, supplying clever continuity as MC for the talent packed show.

In on the downbeat was baton-beater, Jess Colburn, out Hollywood way, with Nick Buono and his GI tunesters.

So with flare and blare the acts hit their cues . . . Wee Joyce Oliver, bundle of rhythm from cinemacity, drew ah's from the boys with dance routines. . . . Sweet-singing Jacques Lee, favorite with a million GIs in the many camps she's toured, tunestyled to hearts content. . . . Stage-happy little Danny Beck, gagging funster, exploited his hobby of rolling his drums and his audience in the aisles.

The mystic was added by nimble-fingered Roy Benson. His trained billiard balls stirred up a wee commotion! . . . And, with a bit of dash, Val Setz, juggler and how, kept things in a state of over-animating suspension. Val's hit about every camp in every theatre (of waah) that a GI ever hit, and has scares and scars to prove it!

Much fun was had by all; and we'd line up by the numbers again and again to see it again and again.

Bond Drive Sales Go Over Quota

Final tabulations this week skyrocketed Anza's bond sales in the 6th War Loan drive to \$18,000 over the quota. By cash sales and payroll deductions \$83,347.25 in bonds were subscribed. This amounted to a record \$18,347.25 over the \$65,000 quota.

Payroll deductions amounted to approximately one-half of the total subscription.

Lt. Mabel Peterson, bond officer, complimented the section "minute-men" for obtaining a 100 per cent participation throughout the drive.

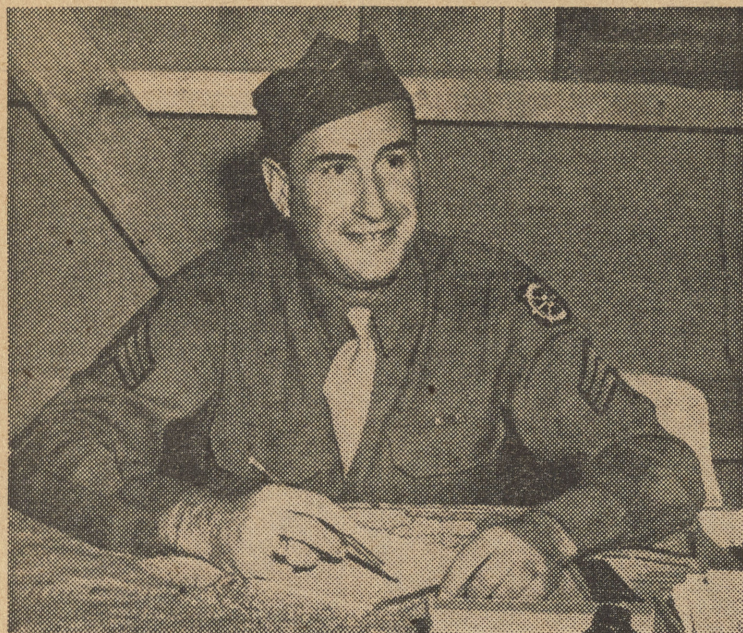
Section minutemen responsible for Anza's record bond sale are: Virginia Lorenzini, Barbara Mathews, Marian Hauser, Judy Pett, Beverly Merchant, Nona Speer, Velma Alexander, Chressie Paul and Sue Bryarly.

asleep position. The carrier totes about 100 volumes.

It is required, however, that the person hold the book and turn the pages himself while reading. Army routine has not been reduced to that degree, yet, in spite of the research being carried on!

Well, anyway, this novel book carrier is in operation at the station hospital under Red Cross directives. Every Friday the carrier makes the rounds of the bed-ridden and they are allowed to ponder on what they want to read. It is operated in addition to the regular hospital library.

Zip Presents . . .



SGT. SAMUEL JACK EILE

We now take you to the broadcasting studios of radio station WOW, Arlington, where we will hear from our special guest, Sgt. Samuel Eile. Take it away WOW. ANN: Welcome to "Anzatics of 1945" on the air from coast to coast. Here's the man of the week—Sgt. Samuel Eile. (Any similarity between this and a real show is just between friends. Ed.)

Eile: I'm glad to be on the program, but why the fanfare?

ANN: You're the guest of—(advertising matter deleted by request.)

Eile: Pardon me, I believe this is supposed to be an interview; what do you want to know?

ANN: That's right, and you have exactly three minutes to tell us about your first 50 years.

Eile: Wait a minute, I'm not 50. I was born in the wilds of New York City. Then at the tender age—but that would be telling, I got my GREETINGS.

ANN: Now don't get ahead of me. I'm sure the listening audience would like to know what your job is at Camp Anza.

Eile: You'll find me at the Insurance and Allotment Office.

ANN: Well, well, an insurance agent. Now that we have heard the voice of Sgt. Eile, I'll take the liberty of reading his biography.

BIZ: (Fanfare with band! Fade)

ANN: From his job as head adjuster at Frederick Loesser and Company, Inc., our "Man of the Week" reported to Camp Upton. There his destination was charted. Yes, it was Camp Anza in December of 1942 where Pvt. Eile reported. In February, 1943, he was one of the first enlisted men at Anza to be married. On October 31, 1944, Cpl. and Mrs. S. Eile announced the arrival of Jeffrey S. Eile. Isn't that right Cpl. Eile?

Eile: Yes, but I'm a Sergeant! I'd like to say . . .

ANN: On with our biographical report. Let's look into our crystal ball and see what the future holds for Pvt. Eile and his family. I see a home in Glen Falls, New York and a business of his own. Does that appeal to you Private?

Eile: Remember, I'm still a Sergeant. I'd like to tell . . .

ANN: Oh, yes, pardon me Sgt. Eile.

We also have noted here that you have traveled extensively through South America, that you like California but miss the snow. Have you anything you'd like to add?

Eile: Back in good old New York I attended.

ANN: Thank you Sgt. Samuel Jack Eile for a wonderful interview. It was great hearing the story of your life in your own words.

Eile: But I didn't get a chance to say anything. I remember those days I spent in . . .

ANN: We now switch you back to the offices of the ANZA ZIP.

6th SC Makes Hotel Reservations in Chicago

If you're planning a trip through Chicago here's some good advice. Through the cooperation of the Greater Chicago Hotel association, the Sixth Service Command has established a hotel room reservation bureau which will assist transient military personnel.

Individuals desiring reservations should make application to the Hotel Reservation Bureau, Headquarters, Sixth Service Command, Civic Opera Building, Chicago, Illinois, stating time and date of arrival. Also state whether double or single room is desired.

Where to Sleep in Los Angeles

There are over 9,000 beds available for servicemen in Los Angeles, either free or at a nominal charge. Information is available at all Los Angeles USO clubs.

Anza Antics . . .

Headquarters

Many of the boys who returned from furlough last week seemed to be a little disappointed after they heard the stories of the happenings here in camp from the men who stayed behind. Can't say as we blame you, fellows. . . . T-5 Teddy "Goomba" Maggio ran around camp singing "Take Me Back to New York" with emphasis on the NEW YORK. . . . On the move AGAIN, this time it's the Band and the MPs. You'd think they had ants in their—barracks. . . . Pfc. Frank Spagnolo is establishing himself at the Arlington USO so that in the future he will be known there as "The Voice." . . . A new addition to Cpl. Red (Good Conduct Ribbon) Bellantes' "preferred list" is Cpl. Jake Jatkiewicz. . . . S-Sgt. Rastus (The Little Colonel) Huggins returned from his furlough a "little" early. We think it's because he couldn't stand being away from his little woman. . . . Pfc. John Yonich, the master mechanic, doesn't know which way he should turn a bolt to tighten it. With that kind of knowledge, John, you should be in the Motor Pool. . . . From the looks of the patch on Cpl. Abe Glickman's chin, he was talking when he should have been listening. . . . Sunday's Fire Guard detail was a pleasant undertaking for a change. All eyes were peeled for the "pealed" WACs. (No luck, darn it!) They must have been having a time to make enough heat to cause the alarm to ring. . . . T-4 Fred Crank was seen informing "The Informer" the correct procedure for "turnin' yerrin." . . . Sgt. Fines Browder in hot pursuit of an elusive jeep last week. . . . Cpl. Bellante and "yours truly" spent a lively weekend flitting hither and yon about the premises. . . . Now you may think this is the end. Well, it is . . .

Pvt. Al Jones

Medics

Holman the Woim wriggled on our shoulder the other day and dished us the following dirt in his rasping Greenpernt whisper. Holman sees a lot from his vantage point on the barracks shelf and, of course, some of the information may be colored slightly by the fact that his proud papa, Bill Wardynski, slipped him a couple of drops of Christmas wine to celebrate New Year. However, these are Holman's very words—so don't blame us. "Hi, pal, I hopes ya won't mind if me wriggle is wobbly, but it's warm in here, it couldn't be da wine I soaked up under Fenton's bunk—never, pal! Not after all da bars I wriggled tru in Greenpernt. Say, pal, what's da dope on dis guy Cox comin' back from Foilo with rosy cheeks? What do dey have, suntan lamps in dose Utah bars? Listen, chum, did I ever tell ya about da-time I got soived in da soup? I was soived to tree differunt guys before me boss Bill strained me out. Hobson got me foist and he passes me to his pal Jacobs, not wishin' to do his frien' out of a real tasty dish. Den Jacobs slips Bob Oertel two bits to get rid of me, and Bob retoins me to me old beer can. Dis Army life is jest one stew after anudder, chum. Dat reminds me of da time me Boss put me in White's bed, it was like sleepin' in da old brewery on Metropolitan Ave. Slip me da latest on dat slick chick "Bonnie." Did 'poop deck' Gelvin git her address yet from dem droops wot knocked on his door every night lookin' for her? Say, I hear dis guy Lohuis is takin' da plunge—well, I always sez he'd make a good wife. Oh, I'm screamin'. Youse is a good guy, pal, but I gotta leave now. I gotta ankle down to da Red Cross and see Miss Callaghan. I ain't got no troubles see, but I'll kinda figger somethin' 'on da way. Is she sympathetic and is she—wooh! wooh!" With a splitting scream and a wolfish gleam in his wicked eye, Holman turned up his toes and passed out, and I placed him gently back in his beer-can home to sleep it off. I was about to turn away when a tearful murmur reached me from the beer can, "Hey, pal," sobbed Holman, "do us a favor, will ya, fer da good ole times in Greenpernt. 'Holman', da Voimin King' dey called me in dose days."

Pfc. Don Miele

Service

Pvt. Joseph "Rev" Johnson would like a three day rest at a Los Angeles hotel. He said the rest might do him good. . . . Pvt. M. B. "Little Man" Moss works all day and goes sight seeing at night. You can also find him playing pool on his days off. . . . Cpl. James O. Webb is still bucking for sergeant. He leaves home at 0300 for camp and, during his absence from the wife, he sings "Gee Baby Ain't I Good to You" . . . A certain T-5 said it was bad enough being in the Army, but when a girl turns her back on a soldier, well, that's going too far. . . . Pvt. Otis Harper, Pvt. Sammy Green and Pvt. Melvin Lewis are believed to be pulling straws to see who will be the hostess of Service Club No. 2. . . . T-5 "Detroit" Morrell returned from furlough with a smile on his face because he was happy to be home at Camp Anza. He also said he was going to settle down and never more roam. . . . Why does Pfc. John H. Lewis look worried, could it be that he is — (?) . . . Remember, it usually happens that way. . . . Pvt. LeRoy Kirby soon will be able to take another vacation—they seem to be coming very often. . . . The three butchers, T-5 J. C. White, Pfc. Artis Hands and Pvt. George Johnson are leading the boys in poker. But when T-5 George S. Willis returns, he will take over. . . . So-long, fellows, and don't forget that Prince George is still in Arlington.

Pvt. T. H. Burton

Band

Friday was moving day for the 385th. After absorbing the band's snores, gripes, dirt, and corny jokes for 20 months, the pine knots in Barracks 4 got organized and requested we evacuate. So now we live on the corner, Barracks 1, the home of the shrubs, the showplace of Camp Anza, hereafter to be known as "The House Beautiful." Since they can't possibly miss it, all inspection parties are invited to visit our new home. . . . Comes the revolution, or it must be romance: Dig Simiele's new crop of hair. He's thrown away his calipers, doesn't get it cut when one inch in length. Fact is, some of the hair bends back down earthward and gives the old Valentino effect when oiled. . . . We have it straight from the horse's mouth that Pfc. Ike Norman has broken the ice, set a precedent, and given the boys an example to follow. You're right, second round for the Fathers' Club now beginning. . . . Lonely hearts dept.: Pfc. Byron Jones, young personable, with car, would like to meet innocent, worldly girl who is not too good nor too bad. Object—to spend evenings away from the barracks. Must be willing to set pins.

S-Sgt. Warren C. Perea

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M. P.

Could those latest rumors be the reason why most of the boys have inaugurated "Don't Fence Me In" as their new theme song. . . . To T-5 Geier a most fitting epitaph, "And his words (still) flow like wine!" . . . T-5 Cornell and Pfc. Foster, to improve themselves in the Army, have taken up "figures" after working hours. . . . Pfc. Frank Chamberlain has a most unusual "hobby," making beds at the Colton U. S. O. Does the hostess help you, Frank? . . . T-5 Ruggiero, formerly "Joe Vicious," now sporting the more distinguished title of "Joe Delinquency." . . . Who was that visitor Mike Fraina opened the door for at the Trailer Camp? Or was it only her husband? . . . Pfc. Hill has positively reformed and in the future will get drunk only at dignified hours. . . . When that buck sergeant instructed Sgt. Latina to give the new MP the "works" Paul took it seriously and made him close the Main PX two nights in a row. . . . And Pvt. Fitts claims the Main PX is also where he likes to be "punished." . . . Add cheery sights: Pfc. Verrochi with his glowing profile, which looks like the "Heinz" trademark. . . . With the winter season now on, it looks like the gals at the Motor Pool have our boys (slack) happy.

Pfc. Max Yawitz

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Civilians

We're ready again to bring another big column of news. . . . Mrs. Mary Link refused to let anyone rub her very painful knee. She claims that it's not the age but safety first. . . . We mustn't forget our little honey child, Lorraine Noble, this week. . . . Well, well, those lovers had another spat. Remember Arnold and Erlene, we're all pals at Camp Anza. . . . Eva Lewis just can't understand why that Sergeant doesn't write. . . . Although Esther Paul received an unexpected phone call, she feels a lot better now. . . . Listen Pfc. Jimmy English, you can't do that to our girls. . . . You can find the girls listening to Lt. "What a Pal" Buckridge tell of his trip to New York City. . . . Grace Wolfe had a birthday but she won't reveal her age. Your reporter has found out that she's single, loves to dance and bowl but just can't find the right man. . . . Mary Ernst doesn't like gossip columns and is mad at a certain member of the Anza Zip staff. Anyway she rates as "Miss Truck Driver of 1945." . . . Don't cry, Civilian Personnel girls, Sgt. Nadeau will soon give up his vocals and be back with us. . . . Emma Marshal is sorry she can't join us, but Sgt. Marshal has taken over. . . . Our good looking barber shop operator from Ohio, Mr. Doyle, rolls a wicked bowling ball when the prize is beer. . . . Talking about bowling, Stebbins bowled 222 to collect nine beers and, since then, charges for his autograph. . . . Your correspondent would like to know the latest date of Miss Maryland Myers, the mystery gal of Special Services. . . . We're wondering who Mrs. Sayres said "Happy New Year" to first?

The Snooper

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Officers

What's this we hear about Lt. Gamble's nightly gambol with a General's amanuensis. . . . Lt. Tom Wall contends that Capt. Buckley is an aptly chosen successor to Capt. Newburn; the reason being that, among other things, they both possess a necessary asset to the Combined Motor Maintenance business, seems he mentions something about inflating tires. . . . We never saw a student yet who rated his teacher high when honestly allowed to grade the instructor. What happened to pore ol' Cpts. Frazier and Eisler, therefore, should have been expected. . . . Lt. Bailey has filed an application with Supply for installation of two-way radios in all staff cars and trucks. He misses too many messages under the present system. . . . Major Alson has made the down payment on the poker seat formerly owned by Major Hinson. Before Major H. departs it should be fully paid for. . . . A glance at the Officers' Bowling League records reveals the following HIs: High Team, Headquarters; High Average, Chief Renck; High Game, Lt. Weaver; and High Series, Ditto.

Relentless . . .

Lt. J. Sands

The Wolf

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